With juice of curſed Hebona in a Viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leprous diſtilment, whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as Quick-ſilver it courſes through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a ſudden vigour it doth poſſeſſe
And curd, like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholſome blood; ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant Tetter barkt about
Moſt Lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I ſleeping, by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once diſpatcht,
Cut off even in the bloſſomes of my ſinne,
Unnuzled, diſappointed, un-anueld,
No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh horrible, O horrible, moſt horrible,
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not,
Let not the royall bed of *Denmarke* be
A couch for Luxury and damned Inceſt.
But howſomever thou purſueſt this act,
Taint not thy minde, nor let thy ſoule contrive
Againſt thy mother ought, leave her to heaven,
And to thoſe thornes that in her boſome lodge,
To pricke and ſting her: fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme ſhewes the matine to be neere,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectuall fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me.
*Ham.* O all you hoſt of heaven! O earth! what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell? O fie! hold my heart,
And you my ſinewes, grow not inſtant old,
But beare me ſwiftly up; remember thee!
I thou poore Ghoſt, whiles memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted Globe: remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memorie
Ile wipe away all trivial fond records,





All ſaw of bookes, all form
That youth and obſervatio
And thy commandement
Within the booke and vo
Unmixt with baſer matter
O moſt pernicious woma
O villaine, villaine, ſmilin
My tables, meet it is I ſe
That one may ſmile, and
At leaſt I am ſure it may
So uncle there you are: n
It is adieu, adieu, remem
I have ſworne't.
*Hora.* My Lord, my
*Mar.* Lord *Hamlet*.
*Hora.* Heavens ſecure
*Ham.* So be it.
*Mar.* Illo, ho, ho, m
*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho b
*Mar.* How is't my no
*Ham.* O wonderfull
*Hor.* Good my Lord
*Ham.* No, you will
*Hora.* Not I my Lo
*Mar.* Nor I my Lo
*Ham.* How ſay you
But you'll be ſecret.
*Both.* I by heaven.
*Ham.* There's never
Dwelling in all *Denm*
But hee's an arrant Kn
*Hora.* There needs
To tell us this.
*Ham.* Why right, y
And ſo without more
I hold it fit that we ſha
You as your buſineſſe
For every man hath bu

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22279) LONDON, 1637 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY